

THE OTHER GIRL

(Continued from Page 5.)

The woman sobbed afresh. "He can't go to Hanford to-night," she begged. "Oh, Judith he can't! He's the only one who can quiet the baby when the pain comes! Oh, Judy, I can't let him go!"

As if it added protest the child began to wail, nor would he be comforted until the father held him against his breast.

With an inspiration, Judith caught up the driver's hat. She pushed her hair under it and pulled the brim on a level with her brows. For a moment she stood shoulder to shoulder with the man, measuring her height with his own, then her words came rapidly. "Why, Judy," he exclaimed, staring at her, "you couldn't! Of course you know the road every inch of it! I'd sooner trust you with the team than any one, but—No, no! You can't do it!"

Again the child cried. Outdoors the stableboy was whistling; the reflection from his lantern glowed on the windows as he passed toward the barn. A man shuffled out from the office and a gaunt mail bag thumped on the porch. Judith was pulling off the drivers' greatcoat.

"No, no—" he persisted letting her take it from him. The father heart was warring with his sense of right.

A spasm of pain shook the bundle, and when it had passed, Morrison and his wife looked into each other's faces. The girl and the hat and the greatcoat were gone.

Judith was waiting in the shadow of the tamaracks when the stage came up from the barn. She swung herself to the seat with as much of Morrison's manner as she could command.

The stableboy narrowed his eyes prophetically at the glowering sky. "You're in for a drench, Tom," he remarked, as he handed up the lines.

On the steps of the roadhouse Judith could see the big outlines of Farroll. He was silhouetted against the light, and he was gazing back. For a moment her courage faltered. "A thorough bred out of a draft horse!" Her own words rang in her ears. She longed to drop off the seat and run to him.

The doors to the bar swung open. Her father hurried out, bristling with importance and comments on the weather. He handed up the mail bag and some commissions for Hanford. Judith, her hat pulled low, took them silently, and buttoned up the boot.

With one final look into the hall, Farroll turned, stood for a moment on the upper step, then strode over and peered in at the parlor window. The room was empty. He came slowly back fastening up his coat. Judith heard him sigh as he climbed to the rear seat, and her heart hardened. It was for the girl, she argued. With a sudden vigor she uncoiled the lash and sent it cutting the air above the leaders. The coach lurched forward.

Farroll, on the last seat, pulled the rug to his chin and tried to think. His mind was like a mosaic. Even in the dark he could feel the bigness of his hands. He had always known that they were big, but the knowledge had not tempered the edge of her words.

He had worked a year, God knew how hard, to make himself fit for her, and what made her turn red and white she—she had called him a draft horse! when she saw him? He had blundered in telling her about the girl, but of course she understood. At any rate the "Trail" was safe. It was the richest trail in the country, and Judith—He thrust the big hands determinedly into his pockets and began counting. He had two hundred dollars in the bank. With it he could work the mine. He would be rich, very rich. He would make Judy proud of him! Sometimes one may be even proud of a draft horse!

The wind had massed the scudding clouds; they lay like a black feather bed on the tamarack tops. Judith drew the collar of the great coat high, slacked the lines for the up grade, and mentally looked herself in the face. She was on top of the Hanford stage; the man she loved was on the inside. In her anxiety for Morrison and the baby, she had overlooked possible complications. Now they arose, shadowy, threatening. There was Hanford and daylight ahead; there was likely discovery and—Well, she had done it for the baby, and she did not love Dave Farroll! For the moment she hated him and his big hands, and (recollecting a sob) that other girl! She tried to concentrate her thoughts on the sick child, and the ways and means for an operation. It would take money—so much money!

Near the summit line a bridle path from Donner station met the road. The coach, rounding a bend, came upon a signal light, and drew in.

"Dispatch for the stage." The light showed a man and a mule on the path. Farroll thrust out his head. "For

Dave Farroll," he asked. There was negative hope in his voice.

"Yup," the messenger added. He passed in the envelope, and passed on.

Farroll fumbling in his pocket for a match, found three. By the light of the last he saw the black headlines of the Western Union and caught the name "Yellow Trail." A sensation came to him such as one has when a ship rides over a swell.

The wind had grown still. Darkness thick, warm, ominous darkness crushed around them. An axle creaked, the horses sinking to their fetlocks, drew out their feet with sounds like miniature suction pumps. All at once came another sound. It might have been a snare drum at a distance; it was calling the forces of Nature. On it came; there was the roar of battle in its roll. The mountains echoed; the clouds were ruffled with vivid darting light. The road lay zigzag and white on the grade.

Farroll still held the message in his hand. In the fitful glare the words stared at him.

"Jackson struck Friday night. Jumpers after Yellow Trail."

In the ensuing darkness Farroll began slowly talking aloud, as though to convince another. "The assessment work is one day short," he said. "Time's the only thing can save us now! Oh Judy!" He pulled out his watch, and sat waiting for another flash. It was twenty minutes after ten! They were due at Hanford at 11:30, but the trail lay on Hood's Creek, five miles beyond, and the roads were heavy. If he could reach it by twelve o'clock he had equal chances with the others; he could jump his own possession.

A rain of hail began to fall. The stones bit at the horses and stung Judith's cheeks. Farroll climbed forward over the seats. The front curtains were drawn, but he leaned out until he could see the driver.

"I say!" he shouted, "it's fifty dollars if you drive through Hanford to Hood's Creek, and get me there by midnight! Hear, man!"

"Aye." The voice conjured the face of Judith to his fancy.

A half hour passed, then three quarters, the minutes were days after that to Farroll. He got out his note book and fountain pen, using his knee for a table. By the flashes of light he began to print his location notice. We—the undersigned—do claim—

Judith was on fire. Fifty dollars for the baby! She would take it just to show herself how she hated Dave! She did hate him! She must hate him!

"It's fifty dollars!" shouted Farroll. "Fifty dollars! We must reach Hood's River by twelve!"

Judith's head swam. She had called him a draft horse! She had said he was ugly, and she was proud, so proud of him! A quick sense that she must punish herself for that pride came to her. The wind brought the cry of the baby. There were no conditions for the money but those of speed. She must show Farroll that she did not love him. The other girl should never have the claim. After that nothing mattered. Maybe God would let her die!

She wound the lines around the brake. Slipping beneath the boot, she brought up Morrison's waybook and pencil, braced her feet on the bags of mail, and held up her hat for a rain shield. Finishing a printed page, she tucked it into the overcoat and unwound the lines. Youth and hope seemed buried back at the roadhouse.

Hanford was wide awake, for the New Year's dance was on. The rain had begun to slacken, and the plant used for lighting the mines made the town as light as day. Five miles to Hood's Creek and the clock on the school house pointed to 11:25.

Farroll was beside himself. He must save the "Trail" for Judy! "One hundred dollars!" he shouted. "I'll make it one twenty-five."

The driver was standing, the pins were out of her hair. The rain drizzled and stopped, the peering moon bronzed the edges of the clouds as up from the town came the first mourn of the

church bell.

"Call it a hundred and fifty!" cried Farroll clinging to the jolting stage. "Two hundred!" It was the last of his money; he had doled himself to save. He still had the big hands; they could work the mine for Judith.

Two figures waited by the "Yellow Trail." They held guns and location notices. The coach swung up to the other side of the claim. Farroll was out before it stopped, and Judith dropped unnoticed from her seat.

Across the canon a whistle blew from the works of the "Mountain Pride." The infant year had come.

Three men leaped forward, a revolver flashed, and by it they saw a wet bes-dragled girl fastening a paper of the trunk of a madrone.

"We, the undersigned, do claim!" It ran. The signature was "Judith Grant."

Farroll passed one big hand over his forehead, and reeled.

Judith went to him. "The money's for the Morrison baby," she began, her gray tones coming to her as through distance. "I had to jump the claim! I don't want it, but the baby can have it. You shan't have it for that other girl!"

Farroll put out the big hand again, groping for her, and somehow she found herself crying over the knuckles in the dark.

"Draft horses are slow," he said huskily. "I can't quite make things out. The other girl? Why—it's you!"

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VIENNA, Jan. 4.—News of a mutiny in the Austrian navy has reached here. The trouble is reported to have occurred on the battleship Arpad, cruiser St. George and the naval hulk Belona. The crews, it is stated, repeatedly refused to obey their officers during the interim from December 3 to December 17. An inquiry will be made.

How to Avoid Appendicitis.
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FOR RENT—FIVE-ROOM FLAT. Inquire at C. M. Cuthbert's, cor. Commercial and 9th streets. 12-8-17

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MISCELLANEOUS.

\$25.00 REWARD—I HEREBY OFFER a reward of \$25.00 for the recovery of the body of my brother, Geo. Klein, who was drowned at Blind Slough, on Thursday, December 27. Communicate at once with Peter Klein, Knappa, Ore.

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